Laira. 12 June 1840.

My dear boy,

Not to conceal any thing from you, I make it known that a letter from your uncle has just arrived, giving me an account of a connection you have formed with a sailor's daughter — pretty, but somewhat leprous. Speak not to him of his information, which I approve; for it is good, and given in good feeling. I see some mystification He is bound to suspect the worst; but I am not bound to imagine that worst. In fact, the worst seems to me that Charley does not find you so early diligent as usual. Disguise it as you will, I see you wince under the circumstances of your birth. This is a source of pain to me. With reason as your guide, your birth is as good as any one's. If you give way to a morbid feeling, you may link yourself to an ignorant girl; for I do not regard this sailor's daughter in your uncle's view, but simply as unworthy in intellect and education — in its widest sense. Youth is apt to folly; be you above it. You know me as just; act, if you will, as you will; I remain the same; never upholding what I believe to be wrong. You are [illegible] an age when caution is the most admirable quality, because the most difficult; but if you have a strong mind, overcome difficulty. I cannot uphold deterioration; yet I know nothing as yet; and I

verily believe a word from you would dispel this phantom conjured up by myself more than by your uncle. I shall set off in less than a month, I fancy, for your part of the world. I had your last Sunday's letter. I repeat that I see you have been mystifying your uncle.

Your affectionate father,
Chas Brown.

Charlotte Pendarves
Penzance
Cornwall

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